DR. POTTER MADE BISHOP.

CONSECRATION IN GRACE CHURCH. FORTY-SIX BISHOPS AND HUNDREDS OF CLERGYMEN PRESENT.

The Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, rector of Grace Church, was consecrated Assistant Bishop of yesterday morning in the presence of as large a gathering as could be contained within the building. Forty-six bishops and hundreds of clergymen from this and other dioceses were assembled, together with many of the bestknown lay members of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New-York and neighboring cities. Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, preached the sermon, and the aged Presiding Bishop Smith, too feeble to take part in the services for more than a few minutes, pronounced the consecrating words.

DETAILS OF THE CONSECRATION. AN IMPOSING PROCESSION-BISHOP SMITH TOTTERS

IN TO DO HIS PART. One of the most imposing of the ceremonies that have been seen in the history of the Episcopal Church in this city took place in Grace Church yesterday morning. It was a sort of centennial anniversary, for one hundred years ago the four bishops who then constituted the hierarchy met to consecrate Bishop Claggett, their leader being Dr. Seabury, of New-York, Presiding Bishop. By reason of its rarity, the consecration of a bishop always attracts a large audience; and had Grace Church been thrice as large, it would have barely sufficed to receive the great numbers who were anxious to be present. As early as Wednesday a thousand persons had been re-

contain them. In spite of the rain many assembled for the early service at 8 o'clock, when Bishop Perry, of lowa, the Rev. Dr. Carter, Dr. Flagg, G. F. Nelson, M. L. Woolsey officiated. Covered ways had been prepared all along the front of the church. Owing to the gloemy morning the beautiful edifice looked omewhat sombre, the stained glass windows lacking the sunlight which glorifies the building when shining through them. The altar was adorned with an antipendium of cloth of gold, embroidered in relief, the gift of Miss Catherine L. Wolfe. A massive cross of red and white roses stood in the centre, flanked by two large golden vases filled with choice flowers. On the right of the sanctuary sat the trustees of Grace Church, and on the left the vestry. Among the general congregation were Corhelius Vanderbilt, J. J. Astor, Stephen Nash, J. Pierpont Morgan, George M. Miller, Professor Henry Drisler, the Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, the Rev. Dr. Marvin R. Vincent, the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, president of the Union Theological Seminary, and the Rev. Dr. S. I. Prime.

Precisely at 11 o'clock the procession entered the

Broadway door led by the Rev. T. Olmsted. The organ burst forth with Bishop Heber's grand processional hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," the whole congregation standing. First came the students of the General Theo-Seminary in black gowns. Then the city clergy in surplices and black stoles, a few among them having white stoles, and two Oxford graduates being distinguished by their crimson academical hoods. The Bishop-elect, in surplice and black stole, followed, attended by his chaplains, Dr. Eliphalet Potter, president of Union College, and Dr. Morgan Dix. They took positions before the chancel. The clergy walked in the procession by seniority of ordination. They were followed by the bishops two by two to the number of forty-six, including Bishops Williams, of Connecticut; Clark, of Rhode Island; Whipple, of Minnesota; Lay, of Easton; Stevens, of Pennsylvania; Vail, of Kansas; Quintard, of Pennsylvania; Vail, of Kansas; Quintard, of Tennessee; Clarkson, of Nebraska; Neely, of Maine; Tuttle, of Utah; Young, of Florida; Beckwith, of Georgia; Morris, of Oregon; Robertson, of Missouri; Littlejohn, of Long Island; Doane, of Albany; Huntingdon, of Central New-York; Pierce, of Arkansas; Niles, of New-Hampshire; Howe, of Central Pennsylvania; B. H. Paddock, of Massachusetts; Lyman, of North Carolina; Garrett, of Northern Texas; Dudley, of Kentucky; Scarborough, of New-Jersey; Jagger, of Southern Ohio; Browne, of Fond du Lac; Perry, of Iowa; Burgess, of Quincy; Seymour, of Springfield; Harris, of Michigan; Gallagher, of Louisiana; Dunlop, of New-Mexico; Brewer, of Montana; John A. Paddock, of New-Tacoma; Whitehead, of Pittsburg; Thompson, of Mississippi; Holishand, of Pittsburg; Thompson, of Mississippi; Holisha Whipple, of Minnesota; Lay, of Easton; Stevens, of Pennsylvania; Vail, of Kansas; Quiutard, of Whitehead, of Pittsburg; Thompson, of Mississippi; and Knickerbacker, of Indiana; McLaren, of Illi-

THE SERVICES AND THE SERMON. The clergy comprised nearly all in the New-York diocese and many from neighboring dioceses, to the total number of 500. The procession was twenty minutes filing into place. Bishop Stevens then began the Communion Service, the Kyrie being sung to an arrangement by Lloyd in E-flat. The Epistle was then read by Bishop Lay, from First Timothy, iii., 1, and the Gospel from St. John, xxi., 15, by Bishop Whipple. The Nicene Creed was intoned by Bishop Neely, after which Bishop Williams ascended the pulpit and preached from St. John, xv., 16. He read his sermon, which was devoted to the work of the Christian ministry. At the close of his discourse, and turning to the Bishop-elect, who rose in his place, the preacher paid a pathetic tribute to the late Bishop Potter, his father.

The Bishop-elect was then divested of his surplice, under which he wore the Episcopal rochet, and was conducted into the middle of the sanctuary by Bishop Lay and Bishop Howe, and Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, seating himself in the centre, he was formally presented. The usual questions being asked as to fitness and competency, the Bishop called for the testimonials. Those from the Diocese of New York were read by the Rev. Dr. W. F. Morgan, those from the House of Departies by Dr. W. E. Eigenbrodt, and those from the House of Bishops by Dr. Tatlock. Dr. Potter then pronounced the Promise of Conformity in a clear and distinct voice, after which the Litany was read by Bishop Stevens. Again seating himself in his chair, Bishop Clark proceeded to examine the candidate. Dr. Potter answered all the questions in a clear voice. Then all standing up, Bishop Clark invoked a solemn blessing upon him. The anthem of investiture was then sung (composed especially by the organist of Grace Church for the occasion) from Psalms, xx. 1. During this the two chaplains, Dr. Potter and Dr. Drx, advanced with the black satin chimere and lawn sleeves, and assisted the Bishop to robe himself. Then, all kneeling, the bishop of Maine entoned the Veni treater Spiritus to a Gregorian chant, which was sung antiphonally by the bishop and the congregation, the large number of men's voices producing a fine effect.

CONSECRATED BY THE FRESIDING BISHOP. Clark, of Rhode Island, seating himself in

CONSECRATED BY THE PRESIDING BISHOP. At this moment the venerable Bishop Smith, nearly ninety years of age, was almost carried in from the vestry by the Rev. Arthur Brooks and the Rev. T. Olmsted. It had been proposed to wheel him into the chancel upon a chair, but he protested that he would walk. He presented an affecting spectacle, a man worn out in his Master's service. His finely marked face was encircled with snowy hair : and yet his voice was distinct as he laid his trembling hands on the head of Dr. Potter and repeated from memory the consecrating words. He forgot the last sentence and had to be prompted. At its close he was assisted of the chancel again into the vestry. The Presiding Bishop was joined in the laying on of The Presiding Bishop was joined in the laying on of hands by the Bishops of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Long Island, Albany and Central New-York. The newly made bishop was then conducted inside the rails, and the offertory anthem from Mendelssohn's Oratorio St. Paul, "How lovely are the messengers," was sung. The baseductt, "Now we are ambassadors for Christ," was gung by Dr. Shackelford and the Rev. W. H. Cooke. There was a large offertory. The Communion Service then proceeded. Bishop Williams consecution. There was a large offertory. The Communion Service then proceeded, Bishop Williams consecrating, and the new Bishop and many others communicating. The effect of the Gloria in Excelsis sung to the old music of Marbeck was magnificent, the whole congregation joining heartily. The hymn "Glorious things of Thee are spoken" was sung as a recessional to Handel's great setting known as Anstria. In the procession the new bishop walked iterst.

first.

Mr. Warren presided at the organ, and the soloists were Miss Hubbell, soprano; Miss Wynant, contralto; Mr. G. Simpson, tenor, and Mr. Martin, basso. After the ceremony the newly consecrated bishop entertained the bishops at dinner in Grace House. He will preach his first sermon after his

consecration in the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island to-day.

THE CAREER OF THE NEW BISHOP. INFLUENCES WHICH HAVE MOULDED HIS CHARAC-

TER-HIS POW) R IN THE PULPIT. There is distinct historic interest in the consecra tion of the Rector of Grace Church to the office of Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of New-York. For this consecration marks a centennial period both in the Diocese of New-York in his own church the history of the diocese and as an organized body of the Episcopal Church in the United States. And the venerable Presiding Bishop Smith, who by seniority of consecration is Primate of the Episcopate, by the date of his own elevation to that order in 1832 divides the stretch of the centennial, and represents fifty years of official service as a bishop of the Church. So that the consecration of Dr. Potter, while marking a centennial, at the same time retrospectively touches, in the person of his consecrator, the first half century of the Church's existence in America.

Dr. Potter is now forty-seven years of age, at the full meridian of his capacity for hard work, and of intellectual maturity. In figure he is tall, with a finely proportioned and commanding person. and a manner inviting confidence, while it exacts an unconscious deference. As a preacher his career is marked by staid, sterling qualities, rather than the exceptional fascinations of popular oratory. There is remarkable modesty and simplicity, almost a selfabnegation, in his style and diction, careful attention to the quality and honesty of speech, with a characteristic dread of exaggeration, and a shrinking from the expedients of the mere rhetorician. The hearer is brought into immediate relations with the purpose of the preacher, in which purpose the preacher himself is easily forgotten. His idiom is a vigorous, sinewy Saxon, well tempered with various cultures of books, travels, society and experience. He makes sure of the quick fused tickets, solely because the building would not intelligence and appreciation of his listeners, and his capital lies in this gift of making the most of his opportunity with no waste or by-play of wordspinning, no artifice or exploit of the pedant, and withal a fine flavor of grace and elegance that feathers the arrows of his argument to sure and ready purpose. Dr. Potter is a direct, cogent, persuasive preacher. His topics are rarely drawn from polemics or vexed questions that distract and puzzle priests and people. He deals little in mere speculation and idealizations. His voice is resonant and penetrating, with an agreeable and well-managed modulation; and his clear, deliberate elecution seizes and retains the attention. His readiness and felicity in extempore and

> HIS FATHER'S SPLENDID WORK. Dr. Potter's career affords a happy illustration of heriditary gifts and endowments. His father was Dr. Alonzo Potter, who in 1845 succeeded Dr. Henry Ustick Onderdonk in the Episcopate of Pennsylvania. Although Bishop Alonzo Potter had grown up and ripened in academic life and collegiate professorships, his administration of the Diocese of Pennsylvania not only resusci tated the distracted and disheartened Church, by the dignity and force of his manly eloquence, by his deep practical wisdom, as well as by the symmetry and spiritual vigor of his Christian life, but it at the same time constituted a new era in the relations of the Episcopal Church to the larger life of the community. He recognized the claims of modern science to the consideration of Christian men and pointed out its kinship with divine revelation and the supernatural. To his efforts in developing and bringing into relation the foremest minds of the Episcopal Church are largely due the Church congresses which of late years have expanded the influence of that Church and given it a commanding position. He was also a pioneer of the temperance movement, standing unfashionably and almost alone in his advocacy of its docurines; unconsciously in his eloquent papers and addresses opening the way for the recent development of the Church Temperance Society, which already has a footing in almost every diocese.
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> The newly made Bishop plainly derives in this eloquence, by his deep practical wisdom, as well

occasional addresses are something exceptional

among the clergy.

locese.

The newly made Bishop plainly derives in this

reasily the continues of the last generation. The more administration with unstinted abundance. The Bishop will not find himself hampered for want of money and the heartiest co-operation.

But the Bishop is a grandson of Dr. Eliphalet Nott, who may, without metaphor, be spoken of as the father of Union College. This great president was a master among men, young and old. His hund of steel in a velvet glove, his keen, quick insight into motive and character, his suavity and invulnerable dignity, his patience and ingenious analysis of difficulties, his endurance and staying power in fair or foul weather, are all freshly alive among the traditions of the last generation. Here is another side of the new Bishop's character and career thrown under the strong light of heredity. And that career exhibits a quiet, orderly and proportionate growth. tionate growth.

THE STAGES OF HIS ADVANCEMENT. From his diaconate, passed in a country village, to the date of his consecration there is found no flaw nor break nor blunder in his rapid, yet silent, career of promotion. He seems to have been quickly and easily recognized as the needed man, in many directions and at many times. Yet it is well known that he has never sought preferment or ecclesiastical distinction. Indeed, he ha kept himself aloof from the run of ambitious, selfseeking men. The honors of yesterday were laid seeking men. The honors of yesterday were laid upon him with acclamation, yet in face of his earnest remonstrances; and those who know something of the harmonious, complete life of his rectorship in Grace Parish can well estimate the measure of personal sacrifice which this new service of the Church exacts. The gifted son of a Bishop whose influence was unlimited, everybody wondered when they saw the newly ordained deacon enter the rectorship of a small parish in the little village of Greensburgh in Western Pennsylvania. By rapid stages of unsought advancement he become successively rector of St. John's Church, Troy, coadjutor with Bishop Eastborn in Boston, and in 1868 rector of Grace Church. For most of this period he has filled the responsible position of secretary to the House of Bishops. It is no secret that he has declined the Episcopate at least on one occasion. He enters upon a field which has been made ready by the wise, patient, far-seeing husbandry of his venerable kinsman now well stricken in years and full of honors. And he enters at the same time upon a new centenary in the life of the Episcopal Church with the largest promise of a fruitful administration.

Bishop Potter is a graduate of Union College, an alumnus of the Alexandria School of Theology, and received his doctorate from his Alma Mater. In the face of an irresistible tidal movement "up-town," sweeping away many of the older families of his cure, there has set in a counter current of parish thrift and regeneration. There is the expensive and elegant chapel in Fourteenth-st., with its carefully appointed and multiplied administrations; there is upon him with acclamation, yet in face of his ear-

gant chapel in Fourteenth-st., with its carefully appointed and multiplied administrations; there is the Clergy and Junior Century Club house; there is the exquisite chantry on Broadway; there is the great memorial charity, fronting on Fourth-ave; and lastly there is the replacement of the old rickety wooden spire with a splendid structure in marble. With all this must be noted the elegant and costly renaissance going on in the chancel and nave of the church, with its unique group of organs. It may be be permitted to point this sketch with Sir Christopher Wren's epitaph, in St. Paul's:—
"Si quaris monumentum, circumspice."

OVERCROWDED HOSPITALS.

On the ground floor in the southwest corner of Believue Hospital are situated what are called cells for male patients suffering from the effects of alcoholism. There are only six of these cells, with two cots in each, and every day twice the number of patients that can be accommodated either ap-ply for admission or are sent there. Owing to the in-adequacy of the accommodations, patients have to be transferred from the cells to some other hospital before they are in a fit condition for the transfer. tients are compelled to lie on mattresses laid on the floor. Bellevue Hospital is overcrowded. The same report comes from Blackwell's Island and Ward's Island. Not only Charity Hospital but the Homeopathic Hospital only Charry Hospital but the Homosopathic Hospital also is overflowing with patients. In the latter hospital for four years 150 insane female patients have been confined to the exclusion of sick people. A few days ago the Materntty Hospital on East Twenty-sixth-st., was closed for repairs, and a sign was vesterday posted on the window: "Business transferred to Bellevue." As there is so little room in Bellevue suffering mothers are speedily transferred from there to crowded quarters in Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island.

THE THEATRICAL PROBLEM. PAY OF ACTORS AND HIGH CHARGES. WHAT MANAGERS AND A PLAYWRIGHT HAVE TO SAY.

An article in THE TRIBUNE of last Sunday set out the facts in relation to the disproportionately high charge made for seats at the theatres of New-York. This was followed by the reported conversations of several prominent managers, all of whom urged that the charge was necessary to meet the expenses caused by excessive salaries paid to actors, which salaries, in turn, grew out of the lack of capable leading men. To-day the statements of Henry E. Abbey, Daniel Frohman and the manager for Brooks & Dickson are given, and the general subject is discussed in a letter from Clifton W. Tayleure, the playwright.

ACCEPTING THE SITUATION.

MR. ABBEY THINKS ARTISTS WORTH WHAT THEY BRING.

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THEY BRING.

Henry E. Abbey is probably the busiest man in New-York at the present time. A new Opera House and a great English actor are enough for any man to manage without having one of the largest theatres in the city thrown in. Mr. Abbey, however, found time to say to a TRIBUNE reporter: "I have read THE TRIBUNE's article hastily, and respect the attention it deserves and which I shall hope soon to give it. There is no doubt that an unhealthy state of things exists in the theatrical profession, but I fail to see how it can be helped. It appears to me that not only are actors' salaries constantly increasing, but artistic labor of every description is commanding a higher price.

"I may be wrong, but this is certainly my impression. As to the other questions, I must frankly say that I have not thought sufficiently about them to be able to answer offhand. I am inclined to take things as I find them and make the best of that the salaries are too high is true; quite as true grower. The lack of the sine and the effort of the great actors I have named to drag the dignity of the singe and the provision of the sum and the effort of the great actors. I have named to drag the dignity of the singe-like "Grook."

That leading salaries are too high is true; quite as true that leading salaries are too high is true; quite as true are the great actors. The leading salaries are too high is true; quite as true and the effort of the great actors. The leading salaries are too high is true; quite as true that the matches are too high is true; quite as true and the effort of the great actors. The lack of the salaries are too high is true; quite as true and the effort of the great actors. The lack of the matches are too high is true; quite as true and the effort of the great actors. The lack of the matches and the effort of the great actors. I have named to drag the dignity of the singe-like and the matches are too high is true; quite as true.

to be able to answer offhand. I am inclined to take things as I find them and make the best of them. If I want an artist, I want him or her and have to pay what is absolutely necessary, for after all everything is worth just what it will bring."

A LACK OF LEADING MEN.

DANIEL FROHMAN'S VIEWS-CHEAP SEATS NOT DESIRABLE.

Daniel Frohman, the manager of the Madison Square Theatre, was found in the artistically fornished room which is just completed for his occupation. Mr. Frohman leaned back in his chair and stared solemnly at a hideous percelain god on a buhl cabinet in front of him.

"It is a business question entirely," said he, "and I will give you a business man's answer. We have a small theatre and a weekly expense of some \$3,000, and should not be making a fortune out of this house if we charged \$2 a seat. As to the high salaries paid to actors to-day, that is also a simple matter of business and political economy. The supply doesn't equal the demand, consequently market rates are high. Why does the demand exceed the supply? I will tell you. There are too many managers, in fact; I am looking forward with apprehension to the day when there will be two managers to every actor. Then again, there are too many stars. Each of these not only withdraws a possibly valuable member from the ranks of a stock company, but also, after his own defection, takes with him several more to form his own supporting company. We pay less for our people than any one else. I suppose, because we make long engagements, and they can depend upon our contracts. That, believe me, is what tends to reduce salaries more than

lieve me, is what tends to reduce salaries mere than anything.

"There is undoubtedly a scarcity of 'leading men' in this country, and I have had to send to England to bring over five or six clever young men, whom, if I cannot myself find room for, I shall manage very easily to farm out."

"You think a combination of managers could be formed, and through itsagehey a stand made against actors?"

"No, I do not. Even if it were formed we could not count upon the terms being kept. There would be constant cases of bidding one against another, and the remedy would. I think, be worse than the disease. If the system of pooling railway receipts is a practical failure and the companies are continually breaking faith and cutting rates, how much worse would it be when in place of a company you

NO PRESENT HELP APPARENT. THEIR MANAGER SPEAKS FOR BROOKS & DICKSON.

The views of Messrs, Brooks & Dickson, of the Standard Theatre, were expressed by their manager as follows: "I read the article in last Sunday's TRIBUNE with much interest. The question, however, seems to be a simple one; the laws of supply and demand govern the matter entirely. Put it how you will, there are not enough good actors to fill the places vacant for them. The combination system is at the bottom of it all. An actor whose name is at all well known can get a company for \$400 a week, can secure at least 50 per cent of the receipts whenever he plays, and he does very poorly if he does not play to \$2,000 a week, leaving a profit of \$600 a week. If, therefore, he is asked to join a stock company what he can make himself governs the terms he asks.

"Then again, we have no school at all for the coung actor. The ranks are being recruited by Pinafore' actors-young men and women-who rush to the stage without having any capacity for the art. The men are gentlemanly enough, the women fairly well-bred. They join a combination and walk through a small part fairly well; come back at the end of a season, and think themselves actors and actresses. In reality they can lay no more claim to the title than a man who has once tied up a cut can call himself a surgeon. But the evil is done. They will not learn."

"Do you think any combination of managers pessible?"
"Certainly not. You may take it as a settled thing that managers will not work together harmoniously, though if they would there is no doubt that they could severally save themselves thousands of dollars a year."

dollars a year." Is it true that certain managers have done much "Is it true that certain managers have done much to force up prices unnecessarily?"

"Undoubtedly; but they will find out their mistake and 'go under' sooner or later. "The evil that men do lives after them,' however, and so it will be found in the present case. The influence these high salaries have on the actors is most prejudicial and destroys all necessary discipline. That is after all the greatest harm it does us, for the question of salary is a comparatively minor matter. If a play is a success \$200 or \$300 a week makes but little difference; if it is a failure, well it is only a little more on the wrong side of the ledger."

"Do you see any possible remedy?"

"No, time will eventually bring matters to a proper basis. As to the lowering of the price of seats that is we think a mistake. If people want to see a play they will pay and pay well to go; if they don't want to see it they are not to be lured by the abatement of 50 cents a ticket."

HIGH PRICES AND POOR PLAYS. RESPONSIBILITY OF ACTORS AND MAN-

AGERS. A LETTER PROM C. W. TAYLEURE-THE COST OF

ADVERTISING. To the Editor of The Tribune

Sir: It appears to me that your editorial re marks of Sunday anent the prevailing price of theatre seats, and the high salaries of leading actors, is—without intentional disparagement of your fairness in the discus either fully or justly the controlling facts in the question Nor can I think that the utterances of the well-known managers whom 'you so confidently quote will receiv general recognition in theatrical circles as competent authority for imposing upon leading stock actors, of both sexes, the full responsibility for demands which are assumed to be both extortionate and injurious. It is true as you assert, that thirty years ago theatrical prices and

the profits of theatrical managers. Rich managers were then the exception; they are now the rule. The actors' salaries do not constitute the chief dis-

theatrical salaries were less by two-thirds than at present. But so were all other expenses. So also were

bursement in a manager's necessary outlay. Rent. printing and "stars" are much more important and onerous items of expense; and these have trebled in the post thirty years. Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson ofitimes command more money nowadays for a single performance than Edmand Kean or Edwin Forcest received for six. The yearly rental of Niblo's Garden was then reported at \$5,000; Manager John Stelson tells you he now pays \$27,000 for a less advantageous house upon the same thoroughfare. Let me extend the comparison. Thirty years age ten lines of theatrical advertising in The New-York Herwid cost \$50 a year; it now commands about \$1,500! At the time above referred to the weekly and job-printing could be liberally estimated at \$150. The minimum cost of the same advertisement in the past ten years has been about \$450 a week; and enterprising managers like Mr. Daly or Mr. Frohman very frequently expend double that amount. It cost me pearly \$700 a week properly to advertise "Humpty Dumpty," during its original can at the Olympic Theat; in this city seventeen years ago. A season later and the expense of advertising "The Tempest" and "Patrie" a inevitable expenses have quite as much to do with the price of scats, and the salarles of actor as any of the causes mentioned by you upon the nuthority of you managerial informants. Besides, the question of salary is

I have named to drug the dignity of the singe—like "drowned honer," by its locks—out of the sline and filth of that disastrous numegerial triumph—"The Black Crook."

That lending salaries are too high is true; quite as true as that while at present lending men as a rule are overpaid, leading laddes, whose professional solicties are necessarily extravagant, are underpaid. I am convinced that no theatre in the land—"stock" or "star"—can afford, as expenses now run, to pay more than \$100 a week for any leading salary; yet nowthistanding this view of the matter, so long as theatrical managers shall voluntarily vacate their office as instructors and relegate to derided amateur associations the educational needs of the stage, just so long will the demand for competent actors exceed the supply, and the market quotation for leading salaries be put at a rulnous figure.

Nor will the unnecessary recruitment from abroad help the case any. The existing unwholesome condition of affairs will—like all epidemies—run its coarse. The combination system is already moritened; a struggling season or two more and it will be remembered among the things of the past, chiefly for the promising actors it has rulned and for the numerous opera houses it has built. When that glad thus shall have come it will be considered beneath the dignity of any good actor to sacrifice the dignity of this professional standing by playing the itinerant. Stock companies will then be once more in demand; but not at once, as of old. People will go to the theatre not to muse but to be anassed. The dramatist who can invent impressible "stuntions," and the scenepaniter who can please the sense of sight, will then as now be the principal factors in managerial successes. But utilistely—and at no very remate day, I trust—the inevitable reaction will set in, and public taste, educated and directed by the artist's anabition, will vet restore for the stage the srace and dignity of a poetic drama, and resuch and trust in practice the aband proposal to build up the str

Mr. Taylenre's closing suggestion is so absurd as much to weaken the force of his arguments. There is no other class that gets one-tenth of the gratuitous advertising which the papers lavish upon the | C dramatic profession. The sayings and doings of every conspicuous actor and actress are chronicled with a fidelity and thoroughness given to no one else. The plans of the managers are described at | teous a man. length and in detail. New theatres, new plays, new scenery, new costumes, are all dilatedup on. A great any people think that these matters get far more notice than they deserve. But whether that is so or not, while all the newspapers devote so much space to the free advertising of theatrical persons and things, to suggest that the proprietors should feel it their duty to give up any part of the comparatively small sums which they now receive for the business announcements of the managers is preposterous to the verge of lunacy .- Ed.)

ISLE MADAME AND CAPE BRETON. GLIMPSES OF FAR NORTHERN FISHING VIL-LAGES.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. ARICHAT, Isle Madame, Oct. 10.-Beaten by waves and swept by wine's this little town of Arichat straggles along its rocky harbor, and on the bill a church lifts its cross-tipped spire high above sea and land. Stunted firs are the only trees that grow on this lale Madame, and even these are scarce. There are no shade-trees in the streets of Arichat, nor around the dwellings. The weather-beaten houses stand bare and unalghtly along the edge of the water, surrounded by bleak fields and barren rocks. Lonely and grand Cape bleak fields and barren rocks. Lonely and grand cape
Hogan guards the entrance to the harbor. The seaward
side of this cape is one immense perpendicular cin, and
no pummet has sounded the depth of water at its foot.
When a person sees Arichat the first impression is one of wonder that people who can possibly live anywhere else should live there. But they do-aud like it too. And more than that-they make life on this barren island so pleasan; that I believe no chance visitor ever left the place without a desire some day to return to it. For the people are a remnant of the old Acadian ice. Here La Blanes and Bellefontaines continue in the wholesome customs of their ancestors. Freuch is the language generally used, many of the people knowing ne other. A hardy, noble race they are, who do not lock their doors at night, and neither think nor practise guile Murders, robberies, brawis, drankenness and immorality re unknown among them.

The United States sloop-of-war Alitance, which was in the harbor here this summer, is the third American war-vessel that ever visited the place. The first one was ommanded by John Paul Jones. A 48h curing estabment was then in operation on the little island which encloses the harbor. Ween John Paul Jones go: through with it there was nothing left of the establish ment to speak of. The business was started again on the mainland, however, and exists to this day the only industry of Arichat, carried on by the Robin Brothers, of the Isle of Jersey, descendants of the man who founded it 150 years ago. The second American man-of war came here in 1812, and carried off a lot of eattle The alliance was warmly greeted by the inhabitants, for they are all intensely disloyal and desire more than anything else to become a part of the Americau Union. They are intensely American and intensely Cacholic They swear by the President and the Pope, reserving the Royal Family to be sworn at. They think that if the Isle Madame belonged to the Republic, Yankee enterprise and capital would come here and make Arichat the great fishing station of the North, It is only twenty-four hours from the Grand Banks, and bait can be had here in abundance. The men and youth of the island are a race of hardy and skilful fisher-men, and are an important class in the fishing flects that sail from the United States, whither they go in large numbers to ship, every spring. During the fishing season only old men, women and children are to be found at Arichat, and while their men are away the women gather the scanty crops. In the fall, when the "ships come in with their sailors all agiow," it is merry times in this storm-heaten village, and dancing to the music of the violin or accordeon, and other mild forms of reveiry, are indulged in by the young men and maidens.

forms of reveiry, are indused in by the young men and madens.

The priest of the village can be seen any day, going about from house to house, wearing his black robe and shovel but with its wide rim rotted up at the sides, comforting the sorrowthi and ministering to the side, For the storms of the great deep bring sorrow to many a home in Arichat, and, even among this robust people disease will claim its victims. Every one here loves the memory of Longfellow and is familiar with the story of Evangeline. I have heard them repeat it by their directions sides, evenings, with the sound of the waves and the winds for an accompaniment. They have never forgiven the English for the dispersion of the Acadians.

THE FLOWN SOUL. [FRANCIS HAWTHORN? LATHROP.]

February 6, 1881. From The Manhattan From The Manhaltan.

Come not again! I dwell with you Above the realm of frost and dew. Of pain and fire, and growth to death. I dwell with you where never breath Is drawn, but fragrance vital flows From life to life, even as a rose Unseen poars sweetness through each vein And from the air distills again. You are my rose unseen; we live Where each to other joy may give In ways untold, by means maknown And secret as the magnet-stone.

For which of us, indeed, is dead f
No more I lean to kiss your head—
The gold-red hair so thick upon it;
Joy feels no more the touch that won it When o'er my brow your pearl-cool palm In tenderness so childish, calm, Crept softly, ones. Yet, see, my arm Is strong, and yet my blood runs warm; I still can work, and think, and weep.

But all this show of life I keep Is but the shodow of your shrine, Flicker of your fire, lusk of your vine; Therefore, you are not dead, nor I, Who hear your laughter's minstrelsy. Among the stars your feet are set; Your little feet are dancing yet Their rhythmic heat, as when on earth, So swift, so slight are death and birth!

Come not again, dear child. If thou by any chance couldst break that vow Come not again, dear chind. It that
By any chance couldst break that vow
Of silence at thy last hour made;
If to this grim life unafraid
Thou couldst return, and melt the frost
Wherein thy bright limb's power was lost;
Still would I whisper—since so fair
This silent comradeship we share—
Yes, whisper 'mid the unbidden rain
Of tears: "Come not, come not again!"
GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

"THE STAGE WAITS."

"I will drink the toast," said Monsieur Grattin

"I will drink the toast," said Monsieur Grattin.
"Our noble profession, the lyric art.' I have no great fancy for your gin, but I will drink the toast in the liquor of your country." He was on his legs at this time, and bowed forward left and right before he drank, so as to include all the company under his condescending compliance in pledging the art to which he belonged in a product of England.
"Hear, hear, hear!" cried several voices cheerfully. The Frenchman emptied his glass, and sat down with a look of profound satisfaction.

They were all men present—a dozen—and they all appeared in the very best humor and spirits. They were scatted in the dining-room of James Walford, a professional singer, and the occasion of the meeting was to commemorate Walford's signature to an agreement with the lessee of the Cremona Theatre. A few days ago the document had been duly completed: Walford was to have twenty pounds a week, the largest salary be had yet reached, and was to create the leading tenor part in a new comic opera. To be sure, the Cremona was not a first-class theatre, but Walford was glad to get a leading part anywhere, and twenty pounds a week was a great advance upon ten, which he had been formerly carning in a subordinate part.

Walford humself was hardly as glad as his friends,

great advance upon ten, which he had been formerly carning in a subordinate part.

Walford himself was hardly as glad as his friends, for he was the best-natured, best-tempered, kindest-hearted tenor that ever lived, and all his friends wished him well. There were other reasons also which made those who liked him glad of his success. A few months ago he had lost a young wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, and he was left a widower with an only child, a boy of four years old. Now that his wife was gone, this boy was the very apple of his eye. He took the child with him wheresoever he might, and when he came home whether it was early or late, his first act was to visit the boy. Those who knew him best said it was well he had the child to centre his affections on, for otherwise they feared his reason might give way.

Way.

He was not one of those who wear their hearts apon their sleeves. He was made of stubborn stuff. But then all knew that when he married his late wife he had given her the love of his whole nature, and that the very quietness of his manner, upon her death, meant a stubborn nature terribly controlled. To one or two of his most intimate friends he had said confidentially that if anything happened to his boy he should not care to live.

One of the pleasantest things in connection with the present social meeting was that M. Grattin had come, and shown himself most cordial and agreeable. Everyone regarded this as exceedingly good on his part, for it was known to all that the choice of a tenor for the Cremona Theatre lay between him and Walford. Thus he had come, as it were, to signalize the triumph of his rival over himself.

M. Grattin was a man of medium height, black-haired, sallow, with dark brown eyes, a slightly apuline nose, and good figure. He was a strikingly handsome man. His neamers were refined and gentlemanlike, and the only objection Englishmen found to him was, that he seemed to be anxious to show claborate kindness in small things at the expense of sincerity in greater. Thus it happened that although the men present in Albany Lodge, Canonbary, that night greeted his arrival enthusiastically, and told him he was a good fellow for coming, next morning, when they thought more quietly over the matter, they agreed it was only what was to be expected from se polite and courteous a man.

It was but natural that, under the circumstances

what was to be expected from so polite and courteous a man.

It was but natural that, under the circumstances of the death of Walford's wife, his curly-headed little boy Freddy should be made much of by the Bohemiun friends of his father. For a time, no one came to the house without bringing him some little toy or sweetstuffs; and if the boy had not a very good disposition and a gay and airy manner, which made him take the gifts with the laughter of delight rather than the gravity of greed, he would have run a fair chance of being hopelessly spoiled.

Albany Lodge was a much more modest house than one might suppose from the name. For, taking the times he had engagements with the times he had not, Walford could not hitherto count on earning much more than three hundred pounds a year. During his wife's time she had had a general servant for the house, while she herself looked after the boy. But upon the death of his wife, Walford having no woman relative who could take her place, dismissed the general servant and hunted up his old nurse, Martha Grace.

She was now at least sixty years of age, and of course nothing like as active as she had once been. But he knew he could rely on her to do justice to his boy, and that was the great consideration in his heart then. When she came to stay with him, he said to her with all the camesto say with him, he

heart then. When she came to stay with min, he said to her with all the carnestness he was capable of:

"Martha, I am not particular about the house, I shall not want you to do much for myself. If you will just keep the little place tidy, and get me something simple to eat and drink when I want it, I shall be quite content. But I am particular about the boy. You must not let him get into harm of any kind. He is all I now have in the world, and if any great harm came to him I should break my heart."

The old woman premised, and kept her promise

any great harm came to him I should break my heart."

The old woman promised, and kept her promise faithfully during the time she had been with him.

At last the great night was at hand, Walford was full of spirits and confidence. The rehearsals had been most satisfactory. Everyone connected with the theatre had complimented him upon his singing and acting in the part, and the whole company were in the very best of humor, for the belief was general that the opera would run a hundred nights, at least.

It was a dreary, cold, damp, disheartening evening, when Walford prepared to leave his home for the theatre. Some months ago, when his wife died, he had had an engagement, but it was now two mouths since his latest appearance in public.

"Now, Martha." said he on leaving, "you'll be king of the castle while I'm away. I shall not be back till past midnight. You need not sit up for me. I shall get my supper in town. It's time now, isn't it, for Freidy to go to bed!" He took the boy in his arms and kossed him foudly, and stroked his brown curls, and called him his Fred, his little man, his tine boy. Then added: "I think, Martha, in honer of the occasion, I must give Freidy a shilling."

ling."

The boy clapped his hands with delight, and langhed. He never had had a whole shifting before. Pennies of course often came his way, and although he had no definite idea of the purchasing powers of a shifling, he knew they were much greater than those of a penny.

The father handed the boy the shifling, and having kissed him again long and lingeringly, rose with a sigh, and said to Martha: "You'll take care he gets into no trouble while I'm away. The safest place for him is in bed. Put him to bed, Martha, at once, there's a good soul."

She promised to do so, and he left the house, got into an onmibus, and made his way as quickly as possible to the Cremona.

Here all was bustle and excitement. Everyone who was anyone was in front, By the time he had

Here all was bustle and excitement. Everyone who was anyone was in front. By the time he had dressed he was told that the house was filled cramfull, from top to bottom, and that from the parts where it was impossible to book seats they had been turning money away. Everyone behind was in the best of good humor, and he himself felt more clated than on any other occasion since his wife's death.

If this piece were a hit, and he a success in it, his inpwars! progress in his profession would be certain. He should not only be able to live in comfort, but to save up money for his boy, and for the time when that most delicate of all properties, a tenor's voice, ceased to have a market value. He still lacked of thirty, and with care he might calculate on twenty years' lease of his voice. Supposing his voice lasted twenty years, and this opera gave him a command in the market, in those twenty years he could save a mough money to insure his old age against want, and to provide handsomely for his boy.

He did not come on very early in the first, act. He felt in no way nervous. He never had been in better voice, and the part satied him perfectly. What more could any tenor desire?

This was of course an under-study, and singular to say, he did not arrive in the theatre before the curtain went up. This was grossly improper. For supposing any accident had happened to Walford, there would have been basely time for Grattin to dress and make up from the moment the beil rang

until the leading tenor was required on the stage, Grattin had belonged to the Cremona company for a considerable time, and during that time had always sung second or third tenor parts. He had been paid eight guineas a week, and for a while there had floated before him the hope that he might be promoted to a front place with a salary of twenty pounds. This hope had been dispelled when Walford got the engagement, and now he, Grattin, had no part at all, and no chance of an appearance during the present run, unless Walford broke down.

Just as the cartain was rung up there was a great commotion behind. Grattin had arrived in a state of the highest excitement, and there were sounds of consternation and dismay from the men's dressing-room. Before the curtain had been up a couple of minutes the opera was stopped, and the manager stepped forward to explain that, owing to a sad calamity, news of which had reached the theatre but that very moment, Mr. Walford would not be able to appear that evening. In the face of such a misfortune, M. Grattin, with whom they had so long been favorably familiar, had kindly consented to sing the part.

The manager said more, but this is all that is

fortune, M. Grattin, with whom they had so long been favorably familiar, had kindly consented to sing the part.

The manager said more, but this is all that is material. The audience were docile, and accepted the situation without a marmur.

What had occurred behind was this. Grattin had, in a state of wildest excitement, rushed into the men's dressing-room, and announced that Albany Lodge was on fire, and there was reason to suppose the boy had perished in the flames. He explained that what must have been 1 om three-quarters of an hour to an hour after Walford left his home, he, Grattin, was passing by with the intention of calling for his friend, when he found a crowd around the house, and flames bursting through the windows. He learned from the police that from the first alarm it was impossible to enter the house. Hence their fear that the boy and possibly the old woman had perished.

In the face of such horrible events it was clearly impossible for Walford to sing. Grattin had taken a hansom the whole way down for the sake of speed. The best thing for Walford to do was to take a hansom back and let Grattin go through the part. So said everyone. And one of the goodnatured members of the company, who had nothing to do that night, volunteered to accempany him. So the poor father, assisted by those around him, took off the gay trappings of the stage and resumed the sober garb of everyday life, and went off mutely with his friend to the scene of desolation.

When he got there the house was all ablaze, and he was assured that nothing could be done until morning.

Had anything been heard or seen of his boy? Not

when he got there the house was all ablaze, and he was assured that nothing could be done until morning.

Had anything been heard or seen of his boy? No; nothing. Had anything been seen of Martha? Yes; she had come back, and her story was a strange one. It ran as follows:

Very shortly after her master had left the house, and just as she had put the boy to bed, a knock came to the side door. She went down, leaving the parafin oil lamp burning on the table close to the bed. She found at the door a ragged little boy, who handed her a note. This she read in the kitchen. It was to the effect that if she came to a certain public-house the writer would tell her something which would be greatly to her advantage and the advantage of her master. She did not at all like the notion of leaving the house. In the first place her instructions about the boy were clear. In this second place, the fastenings of the house were not satisfactory. The spring lock on the side door little better than touched the hasp, and as the master himself knew, a strong push was sufficient to open that door from the outside, except when it was botted within.

For a long time the woman hesitated. Then, thinking there might really be some advantage to

was bolted within.

For a long time the woman hesitated. Then, thinking there might really be some advantage to herself and her master behind this note, she resolved to risk going. Before leaving she went upstairs, and lest the boy might feel lonely—she had been accustomed to sit with him while he went to sleep—she told him she would leave the lamp alight on the condition that he lay still, and did not get out of bed while she was away. The boy promised and she went.

out of bed while she was away. The boy promised and she went.

At the public-house indicated she found a stont slatternly woman, who appeared to be the worse for drink. This woman said she was the writer of the note, and then, to Martha Grace's horror, assured the faithful old servant that she had no intention whatever of benefitting the master of Albany Lodge, but that her design was that Martha, being in a position of confidence, as she was informed, should gradually pillage that house that she, the strange woman, would dispose of the goods, and that they two should divide the money between them.

strange woman, would dispose of the goods, and that they two should divide the money between them.

Martha broke away from this wretch indignantly, and hurried back with all speed to the house. She had been more than half an hour absent, and when she got back the place was in flames, and all possibility of getting at the room where she had left the boy was over. No doubt the child had got out of bed, and while playing with the lamp, it fell and fired the house.

There was nothing for the disconsolate father to do but to wait there through the dreary watches of that desolate, dim night, looking at the uncertain flicker of the gradually dying fire.

With morning came the possibility of search. Then the remains of the lamp were found, but no trace whatever of the boy. This puzzled people skilled in fires. They owned they could make nothing of it. They could trace portions of the bedding and the floor, but nothing whatever that spoke of the presence of a human being. Walford urged the searchers to renew their quest. Again in vain. Absolutely nothing belonging to the boy was found, except, strangely enough, some buttons which were known to belong to his clothes, and a shilling. Both the father and the nurse nagreed that there could not possibly have been any other silver coin in that room than the one given by the father to his son the evening before. This coin, too, was found in a place close beside the iron bedstead, which would roughly correspond with where the nurse had put his clothes. What mysteries upon mysteries were these?

Even now, although it was 9 o'clock in the morning, Walford refused to leave the rums, and his

Even now, although it was 9 o'clock in the morning, Walford refused to leave the ruins, and his

Even now, although it was 9 o'clock in the morning, Walford refused to leave the ruins, and his friend, who had stayed with him loyally all the time, set off in search of some refreshment. He came back very shortly, and, preoccupied as Walford was, he could not but see that some new and startling surprise had overtaken his friend. He asked hastily what it was.

"I don't think I ought to tell you, Walford, but if I don't someone else will in a few minutes. There was a bad break-down at the Cremona last night."

"I know there was, and I was the cause of it." said Walford sadly. "But who can blame me! Look at this. Where is my boy!"

"I don't mean you, Walford, but Grattin. He fell on the stage in a fainting fit, and the opera had to be stopped They say he's seriously fill. In fact, the doctors think he can't recover. The papers say there is something wrong with the heart."

"I am very serry to hear it," said Walford. "Poor Grattin! the sight of my house in flames, and the knowledge that my little one had perished, and then having to dress and go on in a comic part, was too much for him."

While the two men were speaking, a third man came up and said: "The police tell me one of you is Mr. Walford I have a note for Mr. Walford."

When the owner of the burned house had read it, he tarned to his companion and said: "It is from poor Grattin. He asks me to come to him at once for God's sake, or he may never see me again. He lives quite close. I will not be half an hour. Wait for me."

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for me."

Walford found Grattin exhausted but able to speak finently. "The doctors tell me I may go any moment. I will not waste a word. I have been unconscious until just now. I want you to forgive me if you can, if you will. I was jealous of you. I made my mind up to destroy you if I could. The whole plot was mine. I got a woman to decoy your servant away. I set fire to your house."

"And the boy—the boy?" whispered the father, pale as death.
"Is sleeping there." He pointed to a door leading

"And the boy—the boy?" whispered the father, pale as death.

"Is sleeping there." He pointed to a door leading off the room in which he lay. "I used chlorofora on a handkerchief with him, and then brought him here. He is safe. Open the door and look. I shall never sing the part. I had a better voice than you, but I wasn't as good a man. Forgive me, and let me die in peace with all on earth, since there is no hope of my gaining peace hereafter. I have carned damnation, but I did not kill the boy. Mercy!—mercy, James Walford! Hark! There is your bey's voice. Is it not sweet enough to your ears this morning to take away your anger!—Hark! That is not the voice of your boy. That is the call-boy, 'Monsicar Grattin, the stage waits. Ready!"

And with this word Monsieur Grattin answered his Last Call,—[Belgravia.

BAXTER-ST. PRACTICES.

Notwithstanding all that has been written bout the old clothes dealers of Baxter-st., there are still practices common with them of which comparatively few people know anything. One of the most objection of them is the illegal pawnbroking which is carried on extensively. Knowing that they make themselves amer able to the law if they loan money, they offer to bay the articles brought to them by impecunious persons, and agree to keep them for a consideration, the 'consideration being about 50 per cent interest. Many an unfortunate